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THE RIPLEY ADVERTISER J. F. FORD.

TERMS:—The ADVERTISER will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$2 50, in advance in every instance. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. Announcing candidates for office—ten for State and five for County—invariably in advance. The "ASH" will be required for all Job work when delivered—this rule will be strictly observed. Letters addressed to this office on business, must be post paid, or they might not be attended to. Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions on the margin, or they will be continued until ordered out, an charge accordingly.

HON. WILLIAM C. RIVES' LETTER.

We give below an extract from Mr. Rives' late admirable letter to his friend Col. Edmund Fontaine of Va., in which he comes out in favor of Mr. Clay for the presidency.

"In the approaching Presidential contest, then, we ought not and cannot be neutral; and if, as every thing now indicates is to be the case, that contest shall be between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay, I have as little hesitation in saying that there is but one line of action by which we can acquit our-

selves of the full measure of our duty to the country, and that is, waiving all minor considerations, to give a manly and determined support to Mr. Clay in preference to Mr. Van Buren. For myself, I can conceive of no greater calamity to the nation, or deeper discredit to the cause and very name of popular government, than the re-election of Mr. Van Buren would be, after the signal and overwhelming majority by which he was so recently deposed from power, upon the fullest canvass of his measures, policy and conduct.

And what are the wise and benignant measures of administrative policy which are promised us as the fruits of Mr. Van Buren's restoration? A return to the glories and blessings of the Sub-Treasury system—a renewed war upon the currency, commerce and business of the country!—Just at the moment when, by the mere fact of the withdrawal of the hostility of the government, and that *vis medicatrix nature* which is inherent in the energies of a free, enterprising and industrious people, all the business pursuits of the nation are regaining their prosperity and activity, and the currency and exchanges of the country are finding their proper and natural level, every thing is to be again thrown into confusion, and we are to be replunged into a chaos of wild and pernicious experiments, simply to signalize a remorseless party triumph, in the consummation of a measure openly at war with every great practical interest of the community. And to this would be added, by a natural and necessary connection, all that long train of congenial abuses which ingloriously illustrated the era of Mr. Van Buren's former administration—multiplied schemes for extending Executive power, and Presidential patronage—profuse and profligate expenditures of public money—the impunity and protection of faithless public officers, purchased by the merit of their party services—a new brood of defaulters, of the Hays and Harrison, a race, the entire disappearance of which, since 1840, is one of the proudest proofs of the justice and necessity of the charge then decreed by the voice of the people. But it were vain to attempt an enumeration of the towering abuses that must ever attend the fundamental heresy of Mr. Van Buren's political system, which instead of regarding Government as a high and holy trust for the good of the country, sees in it nothing but a job to be administered for the benefit of a party, of which the President is the head and grand almoner.

Now, I would ask, what is there to be apprehended from Mr. Clay's election, which ought to have the weight of a feather in the scale, when compared with the fatal and destructive evils—poisoning the vital elements of Republican freedom and virtue, as well as the essential sources of national prosperity and happiness, which we have every reason to believe would inevitably follow the restoration of Mr. Van Buren. We shall doubtless, have, have paraded before our eyes, in stereotyped horrors, the old and threadbare apparition of the Tariff, the Bank, and Distribution.—On the subject of the Tariff I do not hesitate to say, that Mr. Clay's creed developed in his recent

letters, is in every respect, as just, as sound and unexceptionable as that of Mr. Van Buren, and his practice infinitely better. Mr. Clay did not vote for, or approve the Tariff of 1828, consigned to an odious celebrity, which Mr. Van Buren and his friends carried by their votes. It is rather an unfortunate coincidence, considering the professions of Mr. Van Buren, that all the Tariffs which have been most complained of in the South, owe their existence upon the Statute Book to the votes of himself or his friends. It is no want of charity, then, but the result of the most candid and deliberate consideration, when I express the decided opinion, that Mr. Clay is far more to be relied upon for a practical adjustment of this delicate and complex subject, on terms just and satisfactory to all sections of the Union, harmonizing their various interests by the golden rule of moderation, which is the only pledge of permanence and stability in any arrangement that may be made, than Mr. Van Buren. The wise and temperate spirit so strikingly exhibited in his letters which have been recently given to the public, sustained by his well known influence with his friends and his own high and unquestioned character for frankness and decision, is a guarantee which no portion of the nation will lightly regard."

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

CAMDEN, Hilldale county, Mich. Nov. 9th 1843.

The following Indian tragedy is related to me by James Fowle, Esq., of this place. It occurred in this vicinity, all the parties being his neighbors.

In the spring of 1837, Nogiesqua, an Indian of the Potawatamy tribe residing in this vicinity, having pawned his gun and a part of his clothing, from time to time to a man named John N——, for intoxicating drink, the trader proposed to the Indian that if he would sell him a certain cream-colored pony belonging to his squaw, and a present from her father, Bawbawish, a chief of their tribe, he would give him his gun and clothing, & let him have more strong drink from time to time, until the price agreed upon was paid. To this Nogiesqua agreed, and privately gave up the pony, which was sent off farther west.

It appeared that his squaw having some suspicion of what was going on, employed her younger brother to watch the result, and inform her; which, it appears he did. Upon the return of the Indian to his camp, partly intoxicated, his squaw highly enraged accused him of selling her pony. She became more and more enraged at his indifference about the affair, and at length declared she would kill him. He handed her his scalping knife, and drawing aside his hunting shirt and making his bosom bare, coolly exclaimed, "Kina poo!"—(kill away.) She instantly plunged it to its handle in the Indian's breast, which caused his death in a few minutes.

Her father, the Indian chief, being then absent some 20 or 30 miles east, a runner was despatched to inform him.—Soon after, Mr. Fowle says, he saw him pass his house with a sad countenance for the place of the murder.

A heart rending duty now devolved upon the old chief. His word was to acquit or condemn his agonized daughter, according to Indian usage from time immemorial. His daughter was the handsomest squaw of her tribe, and a darling child; and the wails of his relatives, together with his own sympathies, rolled upon the mind of the chief like the rushings of the mighty deep upon the lonely rock in the sweeping storm. He must judge. No other tribunal was within the Indian code of criminal justice. The performance of his duty required more than Roman firmness. The Great Spirit, and the blood of his murdered son-in-law seemed to say, "Bawbawish, according to the customs of your forefathers for ages past, now decide justly!"

The chief, like agonized Joseph, when he made himself known to his brethren, could contain himself no longer. His integrity as an Indian chief prevailed.—He rolled his troubled eye for the last time upon his darling daughter, then upon his kindred, and upon a portion of his tribe that stood before him, and then to the Great Spirit for firmness. The storm of agony in the mind of the chief had passed away, and in deep sorrow he decided that his daughter ought to die by the hand of the nearest of kin to

the murdered Indian, according to their custom for ages past. The person of the father, chief and judge then withdrew, with nothing but his integrity to console him—which the whole world beside could not purchase nor bribe.

Upon inquiry it was decided that Jones, a brother of Nogiesqua, then south near Fort Wayne, should execute the sentence. Accordingly a runner, was sent for him, and he came without delay. After hearing what was his duty, the cry of a brother's blood upon the ground on which he stood strung every nerve, and gave tone to every muscle for revenge.

There were white persons present at the execution, who relate it as follows. The brother proceeded to the fatal Indian camp, and after sharpening his scalping knife to his liking, and performing several ceremonies customary with their tribe since their acquaintance with the Catholic missionaries, he took the victim by her long flowing hair, and led her to the front of the camp.—Then with his scalping knife, he made an incision in her forehead in the form of a cross, bared her bosom, and plunged the knife to the handle in her body. A shriek, a rush of blood, and a few dying groans and convulsions followed, and the fair form of the handsome squaw lay stiff in death.

From the time of the murder until the execution the female relatives of the murderer never left her tent, the time being spent in lamentations over the young squaw. After the execution both bodies were buried together in a sand bank, where they now lie, side by side. The Indians and squaws became reconciled, and all seemed satisfied that no other atonement could have been satisfactory.

Written for the National Clay Minstrel.

WHIG RALLY SONG.

By F. Buckingham Graham.

Time—Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled
Patriots of Columbia's clime,
Soldiers of the olden time,
Who fought and bled when in your prime
For life and liberty.

Let our country's call once more,
(Echoing loud from shore to shore),
Arouse your spirits as of yore,
To guard the noble foe.

On that standard floating high,
Gemmed with the glories of the sky,
Our "Mill boy's" name meets every eye
There may it e'er be found.

Think ye, brother, of the past,
Nail that banner to the mast,
And let it wave there till the last,
Loud notes of triumph sound.

Rally! rally! freemen all!
Rally! at your country's call,
Rally! rally! disenthral,
From bondage the oppressed!

Listen to the bugle blast,
Loudly on the whirlwind cast,
And rally! e'er the day is past,
For Harry of the West.

An Abolitionist Bitten.—We find the following in the last number of the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"A few months since, an abolitionist of this city, like many of his brethren, an ardent friend of the 'poor slave' when liberty can be made a source of profit, noticed a young negro man from his master in Kentucky, living a few miles back of Covington, and induced him to enter his service in this city as an apple pedler. The slave was entrusted with a wagon and two horses, and in time was suffered to hawk his fruit about unattended by his new master, till becoming tired of a service, quite as laborious as that under the chain of Kentucky servitude, and, through the parsimony of the employer, equally as scant in compensation, he took it into his head one day lately, to return to his old home; so determined to go as other gentlemen sometimes do, he went in borrowed state—taking the wagon and horses with him, and the change in his pocket which he had obtained on his last apple tour. When arrived at home he told his old master where he had been and what he had been doing, and the master being willing to receive him back again,

and considering that the wagon and horses would be a very good recompense for the services done the apple merchant by his slave, he determined to settle accounts in a regular business way by keeping the property and passing them to the humane gentleman's account. Of course, the latter is in a quandary how to regain his property, and we care little if he don't succeed."

The Restoration.—There is truth in the following from the Detroit Daily Advertiser:—Enq

The Locofocos have signalized their first act in Congress by restoring to place and power the very same class of men who bore away in '40. They are all Van Buren men, notwithstanding Van Burenism was rejected by an overwhelming majority of the people. The Bourbons have come back, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Even Blair and Rives, of the Globe, whose indecent and savage denunciations of the lamented Harrison and his friends, disgusted all candid and liberal minds, have been restored to their old places at the public crib, where they had already amassed fortunes out of the people's money. All this is but a foretaste of what would be done, if Mr. Van Buren should be re-elected. The old office holders dripping and reeking with spoils, lawful and unlawful, would once more re-appear in all places of honor and profit. Public robbers, defaulters and broken down hacks, living only by politics, would once more disgrace and disgust the people. In other words, there would be a general resurrection of the Van Buren dead!

Minister to Brazil.—A letter from Washington, dated Jan. 20th says.

"The President yesterday nominated Henry A. Wise as minister to Brazil, in place of Mr. Proffitt, rejected by the Senate. This nomination will probably be confirmed, as there are not the same objections to sending him to France.

"The President and Senate have ratified a treaty with France, similar to the clause of the recent treaty made between this Government and England, for giving up criminals escaping from one country to the other."

Of all the amusements that can be imagined for a hardworking man, after his daily toil, or intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and tedium. It transports him into livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scenes; and in enjoying himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moments fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the advantage of finding himself next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities, and without the drunkard's miseries of mind and body. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if what he has been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, it gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

THE CLOCK MAKER.

Saying and doings of Sam Slick.

Broken heart.—The people talk a everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all I've traded in all 'em, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either of 'em. You hear folks say, "Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter. He'll break his wife's heart." Jist as if a woman's heart was a brittle as a pipe stem. The female heart as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new India rubber shoe. You may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to the old shape.—Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you. There's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em, I never know'd but one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex—one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess

he was somewhat less than a feet longer than the moral law, and chatechism too. He was a perfect pictor of a man. You couldnt fault him in any particular. He was just so made a critter, folks used to run to the winder which he passed, and say, "There gones Washington Banks; aint he lovely." I do believe there wasnt a gal in the Lowell factories that wanst in love with him. Sometimes at intermission, on Sabbath days when they all came out together, (an amazing handsome sight, too, near about a hole congregation of young gals.) Banks used to say, "I vow young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all—it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it, is at your service." Well, how do you act, Mr. Banks, half a thousand little clipper-clopper tongues would say, all at the same time, and there little eyes a sparklin in a frosty night.

Well, when last I see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was to-tally defleshed—a mere walking skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, looking so peaked; why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dying, says he, of a broken heart. What, says I, have the gals been jilting you? No, no, says he, I beant such a fool as that neither. Well, says I, have you made a bad speculation? No, says he, shaking his head; I hope I have too much clear grit in me, to take on so bad for that. What under the sun is it then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the fore part of summer with Lestian O'by Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet; but the anchor, it was an eternal heavy, it broke my heart. Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a broken heart.

Letter Mail Company.—It is said that a Company has been formed at the eastward, with a large capital, under the name of the "American Letter Mail Company," for the transportation of letters cheaper and more expeditiously than by the U. S. Mails. They insist upon the right to do so under the Constitution, because that instrument does not confer upon Congress the exclusive right to establish post road, &c.

The old articles of Confederation between the states, declared that Congress should "have the sole and exclusive right, and power of establishing and regulating Post Offices." In the Constitution, the phraseology is changed—the words are "Congress shall have power to establish Post Offices and Post Roads." This change is too important to have resulted from accident or inattention. It must have been designed, and is supposed to have a material bearing on the question of legal right. It is claimed that this Constitutional grant of power does not confer it upon Congress to the exclusion of the States or individuals, but only concurrently. There are many like grants of power which have been uniformly held to be concurrent. Such as the power "to lay and collect taxes." Congress has power to pass any law "necessary and proper for carrying into execution," the authority to establish Post Offices and Post Roads. But it is not our purpose to discuss the question, but only to state the facts.—Cin. Gazette.

Sweet Travelling.—A Washington correspondent of a New York paper, says that the other evening, a laughable affair occurred on the Avenue. Some men, employed to carry a hoghead of molasses into a grocery store near the Theatre, accidentally dropped the hoghead, and the contents covered the sidewalk to a considerable distance. When the ladies returned from the Theatre, their shoes were, by most mysterious magic, attracted from their feet, and they had to wade ankle deep, in their silk stockings, through the sweet mixture. The next morning, almost any quantity of shoe might have been picked up.

A shocking occurrence lately took place at the town of Rimini, in Italy. A pretty young woman obtained permission to visit her husband, who was confined in a lunatic asylum, but who was thought to be recovering. He was overjoyed to see her, and they were left alone when one of his fits of fury coming on he seized a metal spoon and forced out both her eyes. The poor young creature died the next day.